

PERCY and FERDIE

by H. A. MacGILL

(For the daily doings of Percy and Ferdie see THE SUN every evening)

Fifty-Fifty

TO ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES, WE WILL GIVE YOU A SPECIAL RATE FOR YOUR AD. IN THE MANOR NEWS.

YOU HAVE TWO PUPILS HERE FOR A STARTER AND FURTHERMORE, WE'LL GET YOU OTHERS.

MADA FANTIN

PERCY, YOUR DANCING IS SIMPLY ATROCIOUS! YOU'VE EVEN FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU — OUCH!

LOV'UMS, I RECKON I'D BETTER LOOK UP A DANCING MASTER.

A GOOD IDEA, PERCYKINS!

YES JOHANNA, OUR HUSBANDS ARE TAKING DANCING LESSONS AT THE NEW SCHOOL. CANDIDLY SPEAKING, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TEACHER EITHER.

ANOTHER HOME-WRECKER SHE LOOKS TO ME

MORE SPRING IN YOUR HEELS! ONE-TWO AND —

PERCY! HORACE! JOE! SAM!

I UNDERSTOOD THIS WAS TO BE A DANCING MASTER!

NEXT DAY

RATHER THAN DISRUPT MY CLASS, WHY NOT HAVE MY BROTHER TEACH THE WIVES, AND I, THE HUSBANDS.

50-50, SAM! IT'S OUR TURN TO MAKE A RAID. GET ABOARD!

LET YOURSELF OUT? JAZZ IT UP! THAT'S THE —

JOHANNA! ANGELINA! KATE! JANE!

HANDSOME? I THOUGHT HE WAS INSIPID LOOKING, DUCKYBOY.

AND YOU STILL LOVE ONLY ME, DEAREST?

UNMARRIED CLASS TO-NIGHT. I'M TAKING A LESSON. GOOD-BY.